Cheap

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Cheap

by EmeraldTrident

Summary

Will lies to his Daddy Le Chiffre and gets punished

Notes

This is part four of my Le Chiffre/Will work. The first two parts are on my commissions AO3 titled Pretty Thing by Wicked_Commissions. The third is obviously right before this in the series :)

See the end of the work for more notes

“Go get me a drink,” Le Chiffre commanded of his boy.

“Yes, Daddy,” Will got up from the table and started walking toward the bar to fetch Le Chiffre’s scotch, a glass of which was so expensive it was the same price as one month of rent at a decent New York City apartment.

“Get yourself something too, princess,” he added before Will could walk too far.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Will returned ten minutes later with his Daddy’s drink and his own, a triple vodka cranberry made with the cheap stuff, worried he would make Le Chiffre angry spending too much.

Le Chiffre pat his lap signaling where he wanted Will to sit. Will looked around, the bar and the restaurant were both buzzing with people, this was not the time or place for a man to sit on another man’s lap in public. Le Chiffre sensed Will’s apprehension.

“If anyone gives us a dirty look I’ll have them ended, you know that. Now come here,” he maneuvered Will softly with his hand on his lower back until he was sat on his lap and placing their drinks on the table in front of them.

“What’d you get?” Le Chiffre sat up. His voice was soft, his face half in Will’s hair smelling the feminine shampoo he’d used on him in the shower earlier after he’d fucked him open.

“Vodka cranberry,” Will said.

“Made with what?”

“Grey goose.”

Will felt Le Chiffre’s sigh rather than heard it, his chest deflating behind his back.

“Go back to the bar and order it again, ask for OVAL, Swarovski Crystal. Triple of that should be about two grand.”

Will turned to face him. “I’m okay with this,” he took a sip of his drink looking him in the eye as he did.

Le Chiffre jaw tensed. His voice lowered to a harsh whisper.

“Throw that cheap trash away and go get you a high class drink like Daddy has. Now.”

“It’s too expensive,” Will said shaking his head.

“Nothing is too expensive.” Le Chiffre reached behind Will to just over his black slacks. He spread him a little and tapped lightly over the fabric on the diamond plug snug inside his boy. “Not for me. Go.”

Will sulked. “Yes, Daddy.” He got up and walked back to the bar.

He politely asked two women if he could squeeze between them at the bar and stood there for a few moments, not ordering, just wanting to shield himself from his Daddy so he wouldn't see he wasn't ordering a new drink and to pass some time.

Will had been with Le Chiffre for six months and while he and his Daddy lived a very lavish and luxurious lifestyle traveling the world for poker tournaments and spending exorbitant amounts of winnings at each stop, Will couldn't help but remember his humble roots. Spending two grand on one drink for himself was pouring money down the drain. He couldn't bear it. He walked back to Le Chiffre moments later with the same drink he had ordered the first time.

Le Chiffre smiled as he got closer and Will sat back down onto his lap. Will took another sip of his same drink and placed it down onto the table.

"Better?" Le Chiffre said nuzzling into Will's neck and kissing there. "Hmm?"

"Much better, Daddy," he lied. "Thank you."

"Let Daddy taste, honey," Le Chiffre said.

Will began to panic, his throat constricting as Le Chiffre reached for his drink. He tried to remain stoic. Maybe he wouldn't be able to tell the difference? He held his breath.

Le Chiffre took a light swig from the side of the glass. Will watched him intently. If he were caught lying he would be in big trouble. His heart was pounding so hard he could feel it in his ears.

Le Chiffre licked his lips and placed the drink back down onto the table. At first Will thought all was well and he wasn't able to taste the difference but then Le Chiffre's upper lip twitched and he grimaced before joining in eye-contact with Will again.

"Get up," he said.

Will's eyes got wide.

"What's wrong, Daddy?"

"You know exactly what's wrong, princess. You seem to think my boy can drink trash water. That it's acceptable. I told you to order a new drink and you blatantly lied to me. You know better than anyone what lying does to me, baby boy." Will could see the anger in his Daddy's eyes.

"I'm sorry," Will said, his voice breaking and his eyes watering.

"I couldn't spend that kind of money on myself. I couldn't. I'm so sorry, Daddy."

"It's my money you're spending. I told you to do it. I don't want to kiss a boy that has been engaging in trash. You're meant for diamonds and pearls and silks and the very best, not cheap liquor."

Will never thought about it that way. He was an extension of Le Chiffre since he became his boyfriend. Of course he was his own person and Le Chiffre loved him as such but a huge part of their relationship was a power play. Will belonged to Le Chiffre during those times. He was humiliating his Daddy to be engaging in such inexpensive practices. Daddy wanted his boy to be dressed in and consuming the best of the best.

“Do you think cheap sluts get to wear things like these?” Le Chiffre said tapping on Will’s plug over his pants again. “Hmm?”

“No, Daddy,” a tear fell from Will’s eye. “I’m not a cheap slut.”

“No you’re not,” Le Chiffre said. “But if you want to act like one, then I’ll treat you like one.”

Will’s chest fluttered. His cock started throbbing softly in the panties he was wearing under his slacks.

“We’re going up to the room,” Le Chiffre downed his glass of scotch in one last pull and pressed on Will’s back signaling him to stand up.

As badly as Will wanted to go with Le Chiffre he was nervous to. He’d never done something so naughty as to warrant an actual punishment before. He had no idea what Daddy had in store for him.

They walked in silence and took the elevator up to the penthouse suite. Will tried to hold Le Chiffre’s hand in the lift but was denied. Will looked down at his own shoes.

Le Chiffre pulled Will to the couch and sat down. “Over my lap,” he commanded, his voice soft but demanding.

Will hesitantly laid down stomach first over Le Chiffre’s slack-clad legs.

“I’m sorry, Daddy.” Will reiterated, knowing exactly what was coming.

“Shut up,” Le Chiffre said, running his hands through Will’s curls. “Cheap sluts don’t get to talk. They just take what is given to them.”

Will nodded and whimpered.

Le Chiffre reached beneath Will and unbuckled his boy’s belt and button before yanking the pants and panties down in one tug, they remained pooled around his knees keeping Will’s legs tight together. Le Chiffre sighed and circled the tip of Will’s diamond plug and tapped softly.

“Perhaps we should sell this. Donate it to a good boy who listens to their rich Daddy. We’ll get you a plastic one at the nearest run down sex toy store.”

“No, Daddy please!” Will whined. “Not my plug. Not my plug, please!”

His plug was his ‘engagement ring’ to his Daddy. It was the symbol of their love and displaying their sexual dynamic. They weren’t actually betrothed but the plug meant as much to both of them as if they were. Maybe some day.

“What did I say about talking? Le Chiffre said. “Keep your mouth shut. This is a punishment, not play time. Understood?”

Will nodded and choked on a sob.

Le Chiffre raised his hand and brought it down hard on Will’s left cheek, the flesh jiggling from the impact. The plug inside him ringing through his body sending a shiver down his spine. He spanked him again on the same cheek and Will rutted forward.

“Uh uh,” Le Chiffre reprimanded. “Little sluts take their punishment, cheap or rich. You’re not to receive any enjoyment from this.”

But it was moot of course, Le Chiffre knew he was driving Will crazy. It was part of the thrill. If Le Chiffre truly wanted him to be punished he would’ve taken the plug out first. But he didn’t. Will’s heart swelled with love for his Daddy.

Le Chiffre hit his cheeks again and again as Will whimpered and sobbed into the couch beneath his head. His ass flushed red all over and his cock was hard against Le Chiffre’s legs.

Le Chiffre tutted. “What’s this?” He sighed pressed his leg up against Will’s leaking cock. “Getting off from being punished? What’s a naughty thing you are. Cheap naughty thing.”

He hit him once more and Will was bucking forward uncontrollably and coming all over his Daddy’s pants, whining and crying all the while.

Le Chiffre pet his hair. “Shh,” he said softly as he allowed Will to rut against his pants, milking his orgasm. “Let it all out,” he cooed. “Let it all out for Daddy.” Le Chiffre softly pet Will’s reddened ass which clenched and relaxed again and again as he drew out his climax, rubbing himself all over the expensive material of Daddy’s pants. The skin there was hot to the touch and Le Chiffre felt bad for a moment but reminded himself it was necessary. His boy needed to be trained properly.

Le Chiffre pushing Will’s pants and panties all the way off and helped him up and into his arms kissing his face and his neck, silently telling Will how much he loved him and how sorry he was he had to punish him. Will understood.

“You okay?” Le Chiffre whispered.

Will nodded.

He held his boy for a while, his palm softly stroking his boy’s abused flesh causing him to twitch in his arms. He made the mental note to apply the soothing cream he always carried in his luggage.

“I’m sorry I lied to you,” Will said softly and sniffling.

Le Chiffre nodded, accepting his boy's broken apology. He circled the tip of the diamond between Will's cheeks, the rose gold plug at the end of it was snug inside his boy while the big diamond on the outside was flat at the end making it comfortable for Will to wear.

"Don't take my plug away," Will whimpered, feeling his Daddy toying with it.

"I would never," Le Chiffre said. "That was just something I said. It means a lot to both of us, doesn't it?"

Will nodded. "I'll never lie to you again."

While Will had enjoyed the punishment he hated the feeling of letting Le Chiffre down. He would do whatever he told him from then on, within reason.

"Good boy," Le Chiffre praised, pulling back to join their lips together for a kiss.

End Notes

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